

The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

Vol. I. 1842. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1842.



Original Communications.

SHOPS OF LONDON.

PHILOSOPHERS affirm that man is ever on the change, that there is not a day that passes over his head which does not bring its mutation. If so, another thing is certain, that we, the humble gleaner of facts, the "dipper in every stream," as a worthy contemporary styles us, have, in our *recherche* to give our country readers a knowledge of what is going on here, discovered that the metropolis is somewhat like man, constantly changing, for scarcely a day elapses without some alteration in its general feature. Old houses, like man, disappear, and new ones take their places.

These improvements are chiefly confined to the shops of the haberdasher, woollen-draper, and wine, or rather *gin* merchant; and from east to west, from north to south, they are rapidly assuming a new form, so much so, indeed, that in the course of a few years there will not be one that has not undergone a thorough metamorphosis.

The engraving prefixed to this article will give our readers an idea of the improvement that has taken place in the premises of Moses and Son, 154, Minorities, and 86, Aldgate, and which has excited the curiosity of the people of the west as well as those of the east, for we observed a number of both gazing at the superb facade. The height of the shop front, from the floor to the top of the glass in the large arch, is thirty-one feet; to the top of the arch, thirty-four; and to that of the parapet, fifty-one. It is proposed to place the royal arms on the latter. The interior partakes of the same style of architecture, which is Italian, and presents a very imposing appearance. The first floor is magnificently fitted up with numerous mirrors, and rich bold fittings of mahogany, and serves as a show-room.

Mr. Hopkins, of 2, Percy-street, Bedford-square, was the architect, for whose kindness in forwarding the intelligence required respecting the building we return thanks.

JUNE

Thou tender fruits unfolding to the sun,

To drink its beams, and live their vital power,

Delightful May, her Spring-time mission done,

Marries with June, and seeks their summer bowers.

Now, the laburnums flaunt their golden chains,

Plants, shrubs, and trees, in varying hues are bright;

The cuckoo's note re-echoes through the plains;

The nightingale keeps musical the night:

The bee is roving, humming as he goes

O'er full-blown peonies in crimson pride,

Where waves, in fragrant pomp, the garden rose,

White as her robes, or blushing as the bride!

The grasses are in flower; and now, the heats

Urge to the bubbling rills, and spread the new-

mown sweets.

J. JONES.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. VII.

(Continued from p. 354.)

THE use of the liniment, varied according to the symptoms produced, must be persevered in for some time: a little operation, the patient can soon learn how to perform for himself.

The throat should be examined; and it should be ascertained whether the patient be occasionally, or has been, affected with disease in that part, the nature of which should be taken into consideration in prescribing a gargle, to be used while lying in a horizontal posture; for it often occurs that although there be no obstruction in the Eustachian tubes occasioned by mucus, or pus, yet the guttural orifices are tumefied, and their calibre contracted, through the extension to them of disease of the throat; and the due quantity of air to the cavity beneath the drum not being supplied, the diminution of the sense of hearing is increased through that cause, independent of the state of the auditory passage. Yet, without paying any attention to, or regarding, the inflammatory state of these parts, the catheterism of the Eustachian tube is often proceeded with by some of these experimentalists; and not only intense pain, but more serious results, are produced. An unfortunate example of this occurred in the person of a sister of Mr. Wodehouse, M.P., who died, in consequence of erysipelas in her throat, so very speedily after the above operation as to leave no doubt on the minds of her relatives of her death being attributable to that cause alone. My impression is, from what I have been informed by a member of the family, that her deafness might have been relieved by *safe* methods of treatment, and that passing a catheter in her case was highly injudicious.

If patients labouring under this class of obscure deafness suffer from vertigo, gentle medicine must be advised, and persevered in for some time; and if the case be extreme, the loss of blood by leeches or cupping must be resorted to. Noises in the head and ears are symptoms that indicate habitual constipation, and other dyspeptic derangement, for the relief of which the above treatment, aided by strict attention to diet and exercise, can alone prove available.

The late Sir Astley Cooper told me that about 1798 or 99 he sent a paper to the Royal Society, relative to his method of forming an opinion whether the Eustachian tubes were, or were not obstructed; and this was by closing the mouth, holding the nose, and forcing the air up those tubes, whereby a motion would be experienced in the drum of the ear, if the tubes were not obstructed.

Persons who hear better in a coach, or during the continuance of any loud sound, find also a temporary increase of the sense of hearing by the action above described; but a frequent repetition of it permanently injures the sense, as also does the taking of snuff, which causes the party to blow the nose violently, sending thereby the whole force of the lungs against the internal side of the membrana tympani, and causing ineurable relaxation of it. A strong reason is afforded from this fact in condemnation of the method of allowing a large volume of condensed air to be propelled up the Eustachian tubes, as is now the practice of the French and Germans, and their imitators; fortunately, however, for patients, in nine cases out of ten it does not enter those passages at all, but is expended more harmlessly in the throat, though even there it has occasioned serious injury.

Count Orloff in 1813 advised Mr. Grosvenor, of Oxford, who was very deaf, to fill his mouth with tobacco-smoke, and, closing the nose and mouth, endeavour to force the smoke into these guttural conduits leading to the middle ear. Mr. Grosvenor at first thought he derived benefit, but died totally deaf, as it was reasonable to suppose he must do, from the relaxation thus occasioned of the drum.

The same method was used by Mr. Lacam, who formerly constructed a harbour at Calcutta; and he died by too forcibly making the attempt, thereby rupturing a blood-vessel in the head.

Sir Astley Cooper suggested that if a watch be placed against the upper teeth and it be heard, the case was to be considered favourable, and still more so if heard when applied to the lower teeth; the difference between the two is that the first is continuous solid bone, while the latter is intersected by a joint, although the anastomosis of the nerves going to both upper and under teeth is similar.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

AUTHORESSES VERSUS AUTHORS.

BY A LADY.

THOUGH not about to put lance in rest, and join the combat à l'outrance of woman against her master, still there is one point on which we would claim the sex's superiority; it is this—that women succeed better than men in portraying the female character in novels and romances. In able hands than ours, the point for which we would contend would doubtless give rise to much discussion, but, at present, we will but string together a few thoughts which have suggested themselves after the perusal of most of the popular fictions of the day.

Education in the first place, and action afterwards, most indubitably give men greater scope for the development, and greater opportunity for the display, of mental power. Classical descriptions and allusions, the struggles and the turbulence of life, in short, the world and its actors, appear in bolder outlines and more truthful colouring when sketched by a master's hand; but since novels treat more of the world within than of that without, above all of that world, imaginary or otherwise, "created and denized by love," in which women are all powerful, and intuitively all-wise, it is here that we venture to assert, and shall endeavour to prove, the superiority of authoresses over their male competitors. Most authors fail in giving a consistent description of the sentiments and actions of their heroines; they either make them tragedy queens, or, when they mean to depict innocence, lo! an ignorant, an almost idiotic being appears. It was reserved for Shakspeare alone to make his good women pass through life—

"From spot, from blemish ever free,
With purity's white mantle o'er them."

Purity of sentiment and of principle is surely a more ennobling and effectual safeguard than the imbecile rapidity purposely bestowed upon the Camillas, the Violas, and the Fannys. Perhaps, of all Bulwer's delineations of female character, his most successful has been "Nina," in *Rienzi*; the longings of her lofty mind, in search of a master-spirit on which to repose, and the respect and love, nay, almost worship, which she lavishes on her idol, when discovered, are most true to nature; still the conception is faulty. Nina di Raselli should not have indulged in frivolous discussions about her rival's dress with a mere waiting-maid, nor exulted so pointedly over the humiliation of her husband's fallen adversaries; the very excess of such a woman's pride would have prevented this. Dickens, inimitable as he is in most things, has, as yet, totally failed in the description of his heroines; in spite of their usual concomitants of youth and beauty, the Kate Nicklebys of his tales excite less interest in the reader's mind than many of his subordinate dramatic persons, grotesque and (save where there is a touch here and there of the nobility of nature) vulgar as they seem. Sir Walter Scott, with the candour of a great mind, conscious that it can afford to be humble, acknowledged his failure, and the difficulty he found in creating "a spirit, yet a woman too,"

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Most readers turn with indifference from Rosa Bradwardine, Julia Manwaring, and a dozen others. Diana Vernon is an uncommon, but not an unnatural character, acting in an uncommon situation. Rebecca is exalted by the very force of circumstances into a heroine; her stage for display was large, her audience numerous, her admirers many. There was a kind of excitement to sustain her through her trials and sorrows; but Jeannie Deans is decidedly the female *chef d'œuvre* of Scott. What but the pen of genius could have arrested so much attention for one gifted neither with beauty, rank, talent, nor youth? What did "Jeannie Deans do?" was once asked of us. "She merely walked to London." And "what did Columbus do?" was our retort; "he merely crossed the Atlantic." It is the power of moral rectitude that Scott has in this instance so successfully portrayed. With this and a few other exceptions we are, on the whole, dissatisfied with the portraits of female characters by authors, and venture to suggest that authoresses generally succeed better in the delineation of their heroines. This superiority arises from the very inferiority of their powers of mind. They are weaker, more flexible, and can more easily throw aside their own nature, and be, for the time, all they would describe. They have more fully experienced, and can therefore better depict, that strength in weakness, that virtue in wickedness, in the description of which men so constantly fail; in short, from the silent but deep study of one or two hearts; with Love, and Grief, and Hope, for her preceptors, a woman frequently becomes more competent to pronounce on character, and lay bare the secret springs of action, than men in education and experience vastly her superiors.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XXI.

BINGEN.

THIS is an exceedingly pretty place, having at once the sombre look of an ancient town, and the cheering aspect of a new one. From the days of Consul Drusus to those of the emperor Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Archbishop Willigis, from Willigis to the merchant Montemagno; and

from Montemagno to the visionary Holyhausen, the town gradually increased in the number of its houses, as the old gathers drop by drop in the cup of a tily. Excuse this comparison; for though flowery, it has truth to back it, and faithfully illustrates the mode in which a town near the conflux of two rivers is constructed. The irregularity of the houses, in fact everything, tends to make Bingen a kind of antithesis, both with respect to buildings and the scenery which surrounds them. The town, bounded on the left by the Nahue, and by the Rhine on the right, develops itself in a triangular form near a gothic church, which is backed by a Roman citadel. In this citadel, which bears the date of the first century, and has long been the haunt of bandits, there is a garden; and in the church, which is of the fifteenth century, is the tomb of Barthelmy de Holzhausen. In the direction of Mayence, the famed Paradise Plain opens upon the Ringau; and in that of Coblenz, the dark mountains of Leyen seem to frown on the surrounding scenery. Here nature smiles, like a lovely woman extended unadorned on the green sward; there, like a slumbering giant, it excites a feeling of awe.

The more we examine this beautiful place, the more the antithesis is multiplied under our looks and thoughts. It assumes a thousand different forms; and as the Nahue flows through the arches of the stone bridge, upon the parapet of which the lion of Hesse turns its back to the eagle of Prussia, the green arm of the Rhine seizes suddenly the fair and indolent stream, and plunges it into the Bingerloch. — To sit down towards the evening on the summit of the Klopp, to see the town at its base, with an immense horizon on all sides; to see the mountains overshadow all, the slated roofs smoking, the shadows lengthening, and the scenery breathing to life the verses of Virgil; to respire at once the wind which rustles the leaves, the breeze of the flood, and the gale of the mountain, is an exquisite and inexpressible pleasure, full of secret enjoyment, which is veiled by the grandeur of the spectacle, by the intensity of contemplation. At the windows of the huts, young women, their eyes fixed upon their work, are gaily singing among the weeds that grow round the ruins; the birds whistle and pair; barks are crossing the river, and the sound of the oars splashing in the water, and the unfurling of sails, reach our ears. The washerwomen of the Rhine spread their clothes on the bushes; and those of Nahue, their feet and legs naked, beat their linen upon floating rafts, and laugh at some poor artist as he sketches Ehrenfels.

The sun sets, night comes on, the slated roofs of the houses appear as one, the

mountains seem to congregate, and take the aspect of an immense dark body; and the washerwomen, bundles on their heads, return cheerfully to their cabins: the noise subsides, the voices are hushed; a faint light, resembling the reflection of the other world upon the wan countenance of a dying man, is for a short time observable on the Ehrenfels; then all is dark, except the tower of Hatto, which, though scarcely seen in day, makes its appearance at night, amidst a light smoke, and the reverberations of the forge.

A few days ago I was seated on the platform of Klopp, and in a reverie, had allowed my thoughts to wander at freedom. Suddenly, a small sky-light window under my feet was opened, and I perceived a young girl at the window, then heard, in a clear rich voice, the following stanza, sung to a slow and plaintive air:

E las mi cavalier frances
 E la dona catalana
 E l'onraz del ginec de Col
 E la court de castelana
 Lou cantar provençales
 E la danza trevisana
 E lou corps aragones
 La mana a kara d'angles
 E lou donzel de Toscana

I immediately recognised the joyful verses of F. deriek Barberousse. It would be impossible for me to describe the effect they had upon me when heard in this ancient ruin, in the midst of obscurity; that song of the emperor, sung by a young girl; these Roman verses, accented by a German tongue; that gaiety of by-gone times changed into melancholy; that ray of the Crusades piercing the shadow of the present, and throwing its light upon me, — poor bewildered dreamer!

Since I have spoken of the music which I heard upon the Rhine, why not mention that which I heard when at Bacharach. Several students, seated upon the trunk of a tree, sang to German words that admirable air in "Quasimodo," which is the most beautiful, and most original in Mademoiselle Bertin's opera. The future, doubt it not, my friend, will render justice to that remarkable opera, which on its appearance was unfairly attacked and unjustly dealt with. The public, too often duped by ungenerous criticisms, by the malice of rivalry, with respect to works of genius, will think for itself, and will one day admire that soft and profound music, so pathetic and powerful, at moments melancholy yet pleasing — music, so to speak, where, in each note, is mixed that which is most tender and most grave — the heart of a lady and the mind of a sage. Germany has already rendered her justice, France will soon follow her example.

As I care little about what are termed local curiosities, I must admit that I did not

see the miraculous horn, nor the nuptial bed, nor the iron chair of old Brömers. To make amends, I visited the square dungeon of Rudesheim, the manor, Roman caves, and saw lanterns of the thirteenth century, and numerous sepulchral urns. In the room where I was accustomed to dine at Bingen, I saw two individuals seated at opposite tables. There was such a contrast, both in their appearance and in their repast, that it could not fail to excite attention. The one was a huge Bavarian major, who spoke a little French, and who allowed dish after dish to be taken away without scarcely touching any of them; the other was a poor looking devil, seated before a plate of chouchoute, who, after having eaten this meagre pittance, finished his dinner by devouring with his eyes the respective loaded plates of his neighbour. The words of Albancourt struck me forcibly when looking at that living parable:

La Providence met volontiers l'argent d'un côté et l'appetit de l'autre.

The poor fellow was a young *savant*, pale, grave, and melancholy. It was said that he was in love with one of the servants of the auberge, which is rather strange; for to me a *savant* in love is a problem. How is it possible that the studies, the dull experiments, and minute observations which compose the life of a sage, can agree with the hope, disappointment, jealousy, rage, and loss of time which attend the tender passion! Imagine how Doctor Huxham could have loved, who in his excellent treaty "De ære et morbis Epidemicis," has told, month after month, the quantity of rain that fell at Plymouth during the period of twenty-two years. Imagine Romeo looking through a microscope, and counting the seventeen thousand *facettes* of the eye of a fly, Don Juan, with an apron on, analyzing the *paratur trovinate* of potash, and Othello, in a stooping posture, looking for *gaillonelles* in the fossils of China.

However, in spite of all laws, this poor devil was in love. At times he spoke French, which was far superior to the major's, and his address was more gentlemanly, yet he had not a stiver. Sometimes my young *savant* drank, during the hours at table d'hôte, a bottle of small beer, while his eye surveyed in envy the opening and shutting mouths of the inmates of the hotel Victoria. The society here was rather mixed, and not at all harmonious. At the end of the table was an old English dame, and by her side three pretty children; she was apparently a governess or an aunt, whose consequential airs raised in my heart a feeling of sympathy for the pretty little ones. The major was seated near her, to whom, for politesse, he addressed his conversation, at one time describing an en-

gement, at another telling that he was going to Baden, because "everybody went there." On his right hand was an advocate, and next to the advocate was an old man, whose thin grey hair and reverential mien had that mild appearance which a near approach to the grave gives, and which cites in every look the beautiful verses of Homer. In front of the old gentleman was my young sage, who, in French, spoke pompously of the "*harrangues*" that were brought from the sea. To me "*harens*" (herrings) would be more likely to come from such a quarter.

One day I invited him to dine with me, which invitation was cordially accepted, the more so, perhaps, because the poor fellow had not breakfasted. We chatted a little, took a walk, and afterwards visited the Island of Rats, which pleased my companion very much; for a good dinner, a gratuitous sail, and a chit-chat with the worthy blacksmiths, were things which were not of an everyday occurrence with him. Such were my adventures at Bingen.

LETTER XXIII.

MAYENCE.

September.

MAYENCE and Frankfort, like Versailles and Paris, may, at the present time, be called one town. In the middle age, there was a distance of eight leagues between them, which was then considered a long journey; now, an hour and a quarter will suffice to transport you from one to the other. The buildings of Frankfort and Mayence, like those of Liege, have been devastated by modern good taste, and old and venerable edifices are rapidly disappearing, giving place to frightful groups of white houses; I expected to see at Mayence, Martinsburgh, which, up to the seventeenth century, was the feudal residence of the ecclesiastical electors, but the French made an hospital of it, which was afterwards razed to the ground to make room for the *Porte Franc*: the merchants' hotel, built in 1317 by the famed league, and which was splendidly decorated with the statues of seven electors, and surmounted by two colossal figures, bearing the crown of the empire, also shared the same fate. Mayence, however, though plunged into the *renaissance*, possesses that which marks its antiquity—a venerable cathedral, which was commenced in 978, and finished in 1009. Part of this superb structure was burnt in 1190, and since that period has, from century to century, undergone some change.

I explored its interior, and was struck with awe on beholding innumerable tombs, bearing dates as far back as the eighth century. Under the galleries of the cloister, I observed an obscure monument, a bas relief

of the fourteenth century, and tried, in vain, to guess the enigma. On one side are two men in chains, wildness in their looks, and despair in their attitudes; on the other, an emperor, accompanied by a bishop, and surrounded by a crowd of people, triumphing. Is it Barbarousse? Is it Louis of Bavaria? Does it speak of the revolt of 1160, or of the war between Mayence and Frankfort, in 1332? I could not tell, and therefore passed by.

As I was leaving the galleries I discovered, in the shade, a sculptured head half-protruding from the wall, surmounted by a crown of flower-work, similar to that worn by the kings of the eleventh century. I looked—it was a mild countenance; yet it possessed something of severity in it—one of those faces imprinted with that august beauty which the workings of a great mind give to the countenance of man. The hand of some peasant had chalked the name *Frauenlob* above it, and I instantly remembered the Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated during his life, so venerated after his death. When Henry Frauenlob died, which was in the year 1318, the females who had insulted him in life carried his coffin to the tomb, which procession is chiselled on the tombstone beneath. I again looked at that noble head. The sculptor had left the eyes open; and thus, in that church of sepulchres—in that resting-place of kings and of bishops—in that cloister of the dead, the poet alone sees; he only is represented standing, and observing all.

The market-place, which is by the side of the cathedral, has rather an amusing and pleasing aspect. In the middle is a pretty triangular fountain of the German *renaissance*, which, besides bearing sceptres, nymphs, cornucopias, angels, dauphins, and mermaids, serves as a pedestal to the Virgin Mary. Upon one of the faces is the following pentametre:—

"Albertus princeps civibus ipse suis."

This fountain was erected by Albert de Brandebourg, who reigned in 1540, in honour of Charles the Fifth capturing Francis the First.

Mayence, white, though it be, retains its ancient aspect of a mercantile city. The



river here is not less crowded with sails, the town not less encumbered with bales, nor less free from bustle, than formerly. People walk, speak, push, sell, buy, sing, and cry; in fact, in all quarters of the town, in every house, life seems to predominate. At night the buzz and noise cease, and nothing is heard at Mayence but the murmurings of the Rhine and the everlasting noise of seventeen water-mills, which are fixed to the piles of the bridge of Charlemagne.

LETTER XXIV.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.

Mayence, September.

I ARRIVED at Frankfort on a Saturday, and after walking for some time in search of the beauties of my old favourite town, I came into a singular street, with two long ranges of high, sombre, and sinister-looking houses, belonging to each other as it were, with terror. Not a door was open, not a window that was not secured with iron gratings. There was no singing, no merry voices; no—a dismal silence reigned over all. One or two men passed who looked at me with an air of suspicion and discontent, and through the bars of iron of the third floor windows I observed several females, whose countenances were of a brown colour, and who looked, as with stealth, to see who was passing. I was in the street of the Jews; it was their Sabbath.

At Frankfort there are still Jews and Christians—true Christians who despise the Jews, and Jews who hate the Christians.

Perhaps in no town in the world are there so many statues and figures about the streets as there are at Frankfort. Whichever way we turn, statues of all epochs, of all styles, and of all sexes, are sure to meet the eye; horned satyrs, nymphs, dwarfs, giants, sphinx, dragons, devils—in fact, an unfortunate world of supernatural beings are to be seen there.

One of the curiosities of Frankfort is the slaughterhouse. It is impossible to see older and blacker houses decorated with more splendid legs of mutton and loins of beef. Glutinous and jovial-looking figures are curiously sculptured upon the façades, and the openings of the ground-floors seem like huge mouths ready to devour innumerable cattle, either living or dead. The blood-bedaubed butcher chats freely with the rosy-cheeked *butcheres* under garlands of garrets, and before a red stream, on which two fountains are playing, that runs smoking through the middle of the street. When I was there, frightful cries were heard in all directions: it was a massacre of sucking-pigs that was taking place. Servants, with baskets on their arms, were laughing amidst the general uproar, and casting amorous looks towards some stal-

worth youth with knife in hand ready to obey the demands of his customers; here, some bargaining; there, others quarrelling. A butcher passed, carrying a sucking-pig by the hind legs, which I would have purchased had I known what to do with it. The poor little creature squeaked not; it was ignorant of its pending fate, and knew not what was about to take place. A pretty little girl, about four years of age, was looking at it with compassion; and seemed to beseech me with her soft eyes to purchase the little thing, and save it from immediate death. I did not do what that charming eye told me; I disobeyed her demand, so sweetly expressed: but I reproached myself afterwards for not gratifying the wishes of that innocent child.

New Books.

Pen and Pencil Sketches in Poitiers and Angoulême, with some Remarks on Early Architecture. By George Godwin, jun., F.R.S., &c.

THIS pamphlet of twenty pages, which is a reprint from "The Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal," proves its author to be a man of talent. His knowledge of architectural antiquities and general history is both extensive and accurate, and his thoughts and impressions he communicates in a lucid style; he is, moreover, a graphic and pleasing describer of external scenery. With these qualifications, and as he is not ashamed of publishing in a cheap form, Mr. Godwin is just the person we should like to see engaged in an architectural tour throughout France, the more interesting parts of Germany, the North of Italy, and the Southern departments of Spain. But we would recommend paper of larger dimensions than that of the book before us, in order that more space could be given to his pencil sketches.

Poems; by the Rev. Adam Nelson, M.A.

THIS little work is divided into three parts:—first, the *Lot of Mortality*, *Death*; in which are delineated the character and death of the *Roué*, the *Miser*, the *Unfortunate* (Female), the *Christian*, in well-managed blank verse. Second, the *Pilgrim's Rest*, the *Grave*; under which general head the *grave of the Widow*, of the *Beggar*, and of the *Murderer*, form separate tales, written also in blank verse. The remaining portion, *Early Flowers*, are miscellaneous poems, in a variety of measure.

The author has acquired the power of versifying harmoniously, in the most difficult of all measure, blank verse; and an apparent facility, at least, in the expression

of his ideas; he has, therefore, no excuse for allowing such a line as the following to remain uncanceled, which has more of negligence in it than bad taste:—

"And wasting sorrow pule on extra mourning."

The author has chosen subjects that are too trite either to interest his reader or to raise himself into anything like originality, or even individuality of conception. When his mind has become more expanded by study and observation, and, we may add, more humanized,—for he has dealt too much on the darker side of the question, to suit the taste of any but the more dismal of religionists,—we expect some good will come out of him, for his present work is a very creditable first attempt at authorship. We quote the following lines as a sample of Mr. Nelson's powers; they conclude the first part. The words in italics are for the author's attention.

"My muse must cease her song; the circling sun
Hath quenched his blazing orbit in the main;
Sweet, gentle sleep, I court thy soothing aid;
Deny not slumber to my wearied soul;
Darkness has spread her heavy dragon wings
O'er half the slumbering world—you mystic orbs,
If such they be, that sway with potent arm
Fate's iron rod, majestically stern,
Tread the vaulted roof of the vaulted sky,
Fixing the destinies of states, and kings—
How swift they roll; their harmony how sweet;
Angels, and mighty cherubim alone
Can hear the godlike sounds, which, sweeter far
Than well-tuned melodies, in ceaseless song
Is hymn'd, in adoration, to their King—
But who is she, that comes out of the east,
With silent steps, and majesty of mien,
Arrayed in garments of a fairer hue
Than wears the bride upon her bridal day,
A thousand brilliants glittering in her train?
'Tis Luna, fairest daughter of the skies,
Sent on her mission by the god of day,
To cheer us in night's lone and lingering hours,
When gloomy shades stalk silently abroad—
See, how she mounts the very heights of heaven,
Claiming a right to be sole empress there;
How pale, how beautiful, how passing grand;
With bounteous hand she clothes the darken'd
world
In a pure garment of her silvery rays;
She gives a lustre to the snow-clad mount,
Lights up the valley, dark with hanging woods,
Smiles on the wave by zephyrs gently driven,
And lures the wandering soul of man to heaven."

We may as well say a word or two on what we have set in italics. Sleep, being only a condition of the body, we cannot ask it aid; it ought to have been personified. *Their harmony &c.* we should not speak positively of what is immediately afterwards asserted that we can know nothing of; the thought ought to have been expressed hypothetically—what is last marked in italics is too prosaic.

A Tabular View of the Classification of Organized Bodies, after Cuvier and Decandolle, by W. B. Tegetmeier. Darton and Clark.

This work consists of a large sheet, showing the division of the animal kingdom into

sub-kingdoms, classes, and orders, as arranged by Cuvier; and the division of the vegetable into classes according to the natural system of Decandolle. A woodcut of some characteristic example in each class and order is given, and a number of notes explaining the distinguishing characters of each division are appended. To students of natural history, and in schools, this sheet will prove exceedingly useful. As a specimen of the work, we subjoin the illustrations and notes to the class of birds.

BIRDS.—Six Orders.

BIRDS, the second class of vertebrate animals, are hatched from eggs; they breathe air by means of lungs; this air is not confined to the chest, but passes into various cavities throughout the body, even to the interior of the bones, thus rendering the whole animal exceedingly light. They are covered with feathers, and are warm-blooded, even to a greater degree than Mammals. Their anterior limbs are formed for flight, and are never used for grasping objects; the jaws are destitute of teeth, and are covered with a horny substance which forms the beak. They are arranged in six orders:—

I. Raptores, Birds of Prey.



RAPTORES, or Accipitres, Birds of Prey. They possess a very muscular body, a strong curved and sharp-pointed beak, and armed with strong crooked talons. They all feed on the flesh of animals, and have a powerful and rapid flight. They are either diurnal, seeking their prey in the day-time, as Eagles, Hawks, and Vultures; or nocturnal, as the Owls.

II. Passerina, Sparrow-like.



INSERORES, or Perchers, also named Passerina, or Sparrow-like, birds. This order includes a vast number of birds that

do not possess the characters of any other; it includes almost all the smaller birds and the song birds. The birds composing it have the legs slender and short, and the feet formed for perching. They are arranged in several tribes. Some have a strong conical beak, as the Finches, Crows, and others; these feed on both insects and vegetables. Others have a beak slightly notched near the point; these live almost entirely on insects; such are the Shrikes, the Thrushes, and the Warblers. A third group of Perchers have a short broad beak, remarkable for the wideness of its gape; these chiefly live on insects, which they capture on the wing; the Swallows, Martins, Swifts, and Goat-suckers are common examples. The last group of Perchers are distinguished by their long and slender beaks and tongues, with which they extract honey from flowers; such are the Humming-birds, the Honey-suckers, &c.

II. Scansores, Climbers.



SCANSORES, or Climbing birds, have feet with two toes behind, and two before. This structure gives them great facility in climbing the branches of trees. From the peculiar structure of the feet they are also called Yoke-footed birds, Zogodactyli. It includes the Parrots, Woodpeckers, Cuckoos, and others.

III. Gallinae, Poultry.



GALLINÆ. This order includes all birds resembling poultry. They are distinguished by the arched shape of the upper bill, by their bulky bodies, with short wings, by their strong legs, and feet with stout blunt claws, formed for scratching. Their food consists of grains and seeds, and they are furnished with an extremely powerful gizzard to grind down their food. The order, which is also termed Rasores, or the Scratchers, includes our common poultry, Partridges, Peacocks, Quails, Grouse, and Pigeons.

GRALLÆ, Silt-birds, or Waders, are readily known by their long and naked legs. They generally frequent shallow waters, and live on fish, insects, worms, &c.; such are the Herons, the Snipes, the Plovers, &c. The Ostrich, and a few other birds resembling it, were placed by Cuvier in this order, but they differ so much, that many naturalists place them apart as a distinct order termed Cursores, or the Coursers; distinguished by their wings being in a rudimentary condition, and not adapted for flight, and by their strong robust legs.



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VI. Palmipedes, Web-footed.



PALMIPEDES, or Web-footed birds, also called Natatores, or Swimmers, are readily distinguished by their toes being united by a membrane or web; their legs are short and placed far behind, hence their gait on land is awkward; their plumage is dense and oily, so as to resist the water, and they are coated with warm down next the skin. The order includes the Ducks, Geese, and Swans, the various diving-birds, Auk, Pelicans, Gulls, &c.

Miscellaneous.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMEN.

THAT the female character may have its just influence, it is necessary that the female character should be respected. When woman is valued only as subservient to the animal pleasures of man, or to the multiplication of his race, there may be as much fondness as is involved in sensual profligacy; there might be a dreadful mixture of momentary tenderness with habitual tyranny and servility; but this is not love, and therefore not the moral influence of love—not that equal and reciprocal communication of sentiments and wishes,

"When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it starts,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

"The empire of women," says an eloquent foreigner, "is not theirs because men have willed it, but because it is the will of nature. Miserable must be the age in which this empire is lost, and in which the judgments of women are counted as nothing by man. Every people in the ancient world that can be said to have had morals, has respected the sex.—Sparta, Germany, Rome. At Rome, the exploits of the victorious generals were honoured by the grateful voices of the women; on every public calamity, their tears were a public offering to the gods. In either case, their vows and their sorrows were thus consecrated as the most solemn judgments of the state. It is to them that all the great revolutions of the republic are to be traced. By a woman, Rome acquired liberty,—by a woman, the plebeians acquired the consulate,—by a woman, finished the decemviral tyranny,—by women, when the city was trembling with a vindictive exile at its gates, it was saved from that destruction which no other influence could avert. To our eyes, indeed, accustomed to find in everything some cause or pretence for mockery, a procession of this sort might seem to present only a subject of derision; and, in the altered state of manners of our capitals, some cause of such a feeling might perhaps truly be found in the different aspect of the procession itself. But compose it of Roman women, and you will have the eyes of every Volscian, and the heart of Coriolanus."

In the whole progress of life, in its permanent connexions, and even in the casual intercourse of society, so much of conduct must have relation to the other sex, and be regulated, in a great measure, by the views which we have been led to form with respect to them, that there is scarcely a subject on which just views seem to me of so much importance to a young and ingenious mind. In such a mind, a respect for the excellences of woman is, in its practical consequences, almost another form of respect for virtue itself.

In estimating the character of the other sex, we are too apt to measure ourselves with them only in those respects in which we arrogate an indisputable superiority, and to forget the circumstances from which chiefly that superiority is derived, if even there be as great a superiority as we suppose, in the respects in which we may, perhaps falsely, lay claim to it. We think, in such an estimate, not so much of the peculiar merits which they possess, as of peculiar merits which we flatter ourselves with the belief of possessing. We forget those

tender virtues, which are so lovely in themselves, and to which we owe half the virtue of which we boast. We forget the compassion, which is so ready to soothe our sorrows, and without which, perhaps, to awaken and direct our pity to others, we should scarcely have known that the relief of misery was one of our duties, or rather one of the noblest privileges of our nature. We forget the patience, which bears so well every grief but those which ourselves occasion, and which feels these deepest sorrows with intenser suffering, only from that value above all other possessions which is attached to our regard. We forget those intellectual graces which are the chief embellishment of our life, and which, shedding over it at once a gaiety and a tenderness which nothing else could diffuse, soften down the asperities of our harsher intellect. But, forgetting all these excellences which are the excellences of others, we are far from forgetting the scholastic acquisitions of languages or science, which seem to us doubly important, because they are our own.—acquisitions that, in some distinguished instances, indeed, may confer glory on the nature that is capable of them, but they, in many cases, leave no other effect on the mind than a pride of sex, which the inadequacy of these supposed means of paramount distinction should rather have converted into respect for those who, almost without study, or, at least, with far humbler opportunities, have learned from their own hearts what is virtuous, and from their own genius whatever is most important to be known. Even with respect to those studies which we have reserved almost as an exclusive privilege of our sex, we should remember that the privation, on the part of woman, is a sacrifice that is made to a system of general manners, which, whether truly essential or not, we have at least chosen to regard as essential to our happiness. We impose on them duties, that are, perhaps, incompatible with severe study—we require of them the highest excellence in many elegant arts, to excel in which, if we too were to attempt it, would be the labour of half our life—we require of them even the abstinence of a sort of delicate ignorance, as if ignorance itself were a grace; and then, with most inconsistent severity, we affect to regard them with contempt, because they have fulfilled the very duties imposed on them, and have charmed us with all the excellences, and perhaps, too, with some of the defects, which we required. If they err, in being as ignorant of the choral prodigy of the Greeks, and of the fluxionary calculus of the moderns, as the greater number even of the well-educated of our own sex, let us at least allow them the privilege of speaking of *anapests* and *infinitesimals* without forfeiting our regard,—

before we smile at ignorance which ourselves have produced, and which, if we could remove with a wish, there are few, perhaps, even of those who affect to despise it, who would not tremble at the comparative light in which they would themselves have to appear.

In the course of your life you must often mingle with the frivolous of our own sex, who, knowing little more, know at least, and can repeat, as their only literature, some of the trite traditional sarcasms which have been tediously repeated against women; though they have had no difficulty in forgetting the far more numerous sarcasms which even men have pointed against the vices of men. But though minds which women would despise and blush to resemble, may speak contemptuously of excellence which they cannot hope to equal, it is only from the contemptible, in such a case, that you will hear the expression of contempt; and the real or affected disdain of such minds is, perhaps, not less glorious to the character of the sex which they deride, than the respect which that character never fails to obtain from those who alone are qualified to appreciate it; and whose admiration alone is honour.

To the dissolute, indeed, who are fond of associating with the lowest of the sex, and who, in their conception of female excellence, can form no brighter pictures in their mind than of the inmates of a brothel, or of those whom a brothel might admit as its inmates,—woman may seem a being like themselves, and be a subject of insulting mockery in the coarse laughter and drunkenness of the feast; but the mockery, in such a case, is descriptive of the life and habits of the *deridés*, more than of the *derided*. It is not so much the expression of contempt, as the confession of vice.

The respect which he feels for the virtues of woman may thus be considered almost as a test of the virtues of man. He is, and must be, in a great measure, what he wishes the companions of his domestic hours to be—noble, if he wish them to be dignified—frivolous, if he wish them to be triflers—and far more subject than the victims of his capricious favour, if, with the power of enjoying their free and lasting affection, he would yet sacrifice whatever love has most delightful, and condemn them to a slavery of the dismal and dreary influence of which he is himself to be the slave.—*Dr. Brown.*

GEORGE SAND

GEORGE SAND is not only the most remarkable woman, but the most remarkable writer of the present century. Wild rumours flit across Europe of the appearance, actions, passions, and peculiarities of the terrible *Lélia*—now dazzling the head and heart of

some young poet—now “shocking” the respectability of some immaculate English woman, by appearing in an androgynous costume—and (O horror!) a *cigar* in her mouth!—now gravely sounding the depths of philosophy with Lamennais or Leroux—now grandly revealing the mysteries and beauty of Art to Franz Liszt—now interesting herself in all the doings of the *prolétaires*—now relieving in silence and secrecy the wants and miseries of the poor—now gladdened by the tear of gratitude and the passionate expression of admiration excited by her genius—now saddened by the scorn, hatred, and misrepresentation to which that genius subjects her.

It is difficult to attempt a real appreciation of her works. The ground is worse than slippery—it is like treading on what is called *cat's ice*; if you stumble you must fall into the water; there is no help.

We are about to be serious: we are to attempt a just and impartial consideration of one whose name is in some quarters synonymous with vice—whose works (unread) make all a well regulated people shudder. If the reader be one of those—if he have on hearsay (and that the vaguest and falsest we can prove) formed an ill opinion of George Sand, how shall we convince him? Has he any respect for our truth and honesty? Have, our foregoing annotations guaranteed our intentions to be “strictly honourable”? We hope so; because it is on this ground, chiefly, that we feel any confidence.

Frankly, then, we will confess the truth of many of the charges brought against her. There is no escaping the fact that she has appeared at various times in man's clothes—an eccentricity not unshared by even “respectable” females.

There is no escaping the fact, also, that she smokes cigars. Figaro, with all his stolid assurance, could not deny it;—cigars—cigars of unquestionable Havana leaf, and of “mild flavour,”—a taste, the enormity of which we are far from defending, but still a taste not altogether immoral, nor capable, under ordinary circumstances, of being labelled, “This leads to Atheism!” An addiction to the “cooty Baccus” may not be “ladylike”—but Spanish women are thus addicted—and Spanish women are perfect ideals to all who don't know them. English women have also been known to indulge that way, without being summoned before the Lord Mayor; and a popular actress, much sighed for, is known to “smoke like a trooper.”

Is it only Genius, then, that cannot be permitted its eccentricities of costume and tobacco? or is it, as Massini well says, that, “tolerant enough towards ourselves and the mediocrity about us, we become puritans in virtue as to all that is elevated

above the common level"? These be questions?

To turn to more serious objections: we also admit the fact (and deplore the necessity which caused it) that she is separated from her husband, and admit that she has written sometimes with vehemence against the abuses of the present marriage system. We shall be more explicit on these points presently.

In presenting the reader with a few biographical particulars, we shall not include therein any of the rumours floating about, nor shall we judge her conduct. It is impossible rightly to understand her works without some preliminary information—for her works are not the mere product of a talent, not the ingenuity of a head, but a grand poetic confession of a life. Each novel marks a new stage in her history, a new era of development. But inasmuch as we are too ignorant of her past history rightly to judge the intention and scope of her actions, so must we content ourselves with the narration of a few simple facts.

Aurèle Dupin, now Marquise Dudevant, was born at Berry, in the *département des Indres*, in the year 1804. She has royal blood in her veins. Her grandfather was no less a person than the *Maréchal de Saxe*, a natural son of Augustus II. of Poland and the Countess of Königsmark. The *Maréchal*, like his progenitor, had his "follies"—and one of them produced in 1750 Marie Aurèle, afterwards Countess de Horn, who married, *en seconde nocce*, M. Dupin de Francueil. An only son, Maurice Dupin, was the fruit of this union; he became colonel under the emperor, and, what is more, became the parent of our beautiful Aurèle—afterwards to be so celebrated as George Sand.

So much for her parentage. Her education, though extremely favourable to the poet, was very pernicious to the woman. She was left to the care of a doting grandmother, who, firmly impressed with Rousseau's educational chimeras, brought up Aurèle quite à la *Jean-Jacques*, so that she became far more proficient in horsemanship than devotion, and knew more of the country, with its scenery and solitude, than she did of her *paternosters*.

It was a fortunate occurrence that put a stop to this wild reckless life, and sent her at the age of fourteen to the convent *des Anglaises* for her education. Though ignorant of all religious instruction when she entered, yet the sublimity of Christianity and the peculiar nature of the convent life so worked upon her imagination, that she became more devout than was agreeable to the easy consciences of her abbess and sister novitiates. The whole of this may be read in "Spiridon."

At the age of eighteen, in 1822, she was

married to the *marquis Dudevant*, an officer in the French army; and as this was a *mariage de convenance*, any compatibility of disposition, sweet sympathy, or gleams of the "purple light of love," were, as in all such cases, left to the care of—*accident*! It would be curious, if it were not such a commonplace, to interrogate the claims of this deity of accident, which is thus made to preside over so awful an event as that of binding two human beings with indissoluble ties! Yet this deity is reverently worshipped in unblushing France, where *convenance* is an admitted system, and in no less unblushing England, where it is rhetorically decried, but scientifically practised.

Convenance did not agree with our unhappy Aurèle, but turned out a great *inconvenance*, which it was difficult to support. Two children (Maurice and Solange) sweetened her lot—and the poor of Nohant occupied her charity. Here she was the guardian angel of the poor and afflicted; relieving them with food, money, necessities, and dearly prized counsel, kindness, and instruction. But her husband! he was a "positive country gentleman, prone to sum up life by figures, and to regulate it by his watch. Cold, unimpassioned, unsympathizing—some say brutal—how could such a woman live with him? She could not—another might!

In 1828, goaded by domestic misery on the one hand, and love for Jules Sandeau, the novelist, on the other, she left her husband's roof for ever—a fatal step, even to avoid the misery she was subject to. His loss, however, may be estimated, when we find him bargaining with her either to return, or give up the fortune of 500,000 francs which she brought him. She chose the latter for the sake of keeping her children, reserving a small sum out of it for their education!

The question here opened, if treated with due respect, would lead us too far, we therefore adhere to our principle of not passing judgment. That she was "more sinned against than sinning," we firmly believe—that she made a great mistake we are equally convinced, but, as George Herbert so finely says—

"Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty?—
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither."

Behold her in Paris, with no means of subsistence but her pen. Writing for the "Figaro" and other papers, she could gain but a scanty living. Her lover had no other profession, and had no very enviable eminence in that profession. We have heard that some editor, to whom she had submitted a manuscript, was so struck with the beauty of the language and the commonplace nature

of the ideas, that he called on her and advised her to write out her experience in whatever shape she thought fit, and suggested the novel as the most convenient.

George Sand had intellect enough to comprehend this advice. She resolved to adopt it, and first trying her hand in company with Jules Sandeau, at *Rose et Blanche*, the mere stammering of her muse, she then wrote "Indiana," (published in September, 1832.)

This remarkable book is every way a comment on the advice she had followed—in its excellences we see the genuine experience of life shadowed out with a masterly hand—in its defects we see the irregularities of an imagination working on materials of which it is ignorant, instead of moulding its own materials into shape. And see how the great and generous spirit of the poet betrays itself in the portrait of Delmare! She has selected the problem of ill assorted marriage, with her own heart still bleeding from its consequences, her own life blasted in its errors—she has taken this problem, and the reader may fitly compare her treatment of it, with that of De Balzac in his "Gloire et Malheur," and he will at once see the difference between genius and talent. It might have been expected, that after the step she had taken, and in writing on the subject, she would have made her novel an implied excuse for her own conduct, and, to this end, have drawn the husband as a monster. No such thing; she has nobly and skilfully avoided such a clap-trap—she has taken a true, living, unmistakable type of a selfish husband—such as every street would furnish. Delmare is domineering, violent, prosaic, and selfish;—an ordinary writer would have stopped here, but Sand continues her delineation—she makes him also just, severe, "respectable," and not without much kindness, sometimes tenderness, for her. Delmare himself is not the object of reprobation—it is the *system*—it is the public opinion which tolerates the union of such a man with so opposite a woman as Indiana, by substituting calculation for affection. "Coker's Arithmetic," though an unexceptionable book, is a sorry formula of life! The character of Raymon, the seducer, is drawn with the same unerring power. Weak, vacillating, and impulsive—with a sort of drawing-room cleverness, and a drawing-room vanity—not without generous sentiments and virtuous compunctions, but destitute of any fundamental principle, of any *copula* whereby all that is good in him may cohere—such is Raymon. A terrible portraiture! Indiana herself is no less a type of those passionate women who are ever ready to sacrifice duty to hope. She is, as M. Mazzina well says, *illusion*. "She believes in goodness beyond the line

of duty; she trusts blindly to the realization of ideal love that she bears in her bosom, to the sincerity of the passion expressed, to the man's constancy, to a few glowing words, whose source she has never studied."* It is by the corpse of poor Noun, killed by his villainy—it is in her own heart, broken by his inconstancy, that she at length reads the terrible sacrifice she has made—the awful wreck of her life on that illusion!

Yet *Indiana* has been selected as an immoral book! Why, we are at a loss to imagine, unless it be immoral to expose seduction in all its frightful consequences, or ill assorted marriages in all their terrible hideousness. It has been falsely said to be directed against marriage—a charge indeed frequently preferred against all her books;—we answer, that this is *never* the case! She sometimes stigmatizes the mad, inveterate folly of endeavouring to make interest (of a mercantile, mercenary kind) the link of marriage—a cry of resistance is sometimes crushed from her sorrowing heart—but never does she write against marriage itself. Listen to these pathetic words of hers in reply to such a calumny:—"Oh God! how sweet had been indissoluble ties if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh no! I was not made to be a poet—I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny—it is the hatred of others that has made me a traveller and an artist. I wished to live the human life; I had a heart—it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head—a head full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. And because in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my sufferings has crossed me—because I have dared to say that there are things miserable in the marriage state by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the brutality permitted to the husband, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with the mantle of abuse—they have declared me immoral—they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race."

She is eminently progressive, as the age she represents. She is not a creature of a few ideas easily exhausted—but a vast intellect continually absorbing materials from an extended experience, and a progressive philosophy, and reproducing them under the forms of Art. And what is delightful to trace in her works is the gradual progression of her own nature. Every year seems to bring fresh helm to her wounded spirit, which, eagle-like, struggling with the winds, still finds its rocky home at last, and calm

* "Monthly Chronicle," vol. iv. p. 30.

wisdom and heroic endurance succeed the stormy wail and passionate resistance. This is the history of all great minds.

Style, the great point in a French author, was never before carried to such perfection as in George Sand. It requires some long intimacy with the best writers, and some acquaintance with the delicacies of the language, fully to appreciate the witchery of her style; but its music must strike every well organized ear. A French writer once declared to us that George Sand united all the elegance of Racine, the majesty of Bossuet, the grace of Fénelon, and the *trait* of Voltaire. We candidly confess that in our opinion this praise, extravagant as it may seem, falls short of her excellence, and we support it by this test; when reading her works you are not conscious of reading French. When reading a foreign language the greatest of all charms is to be unconscious of any language—this Goethe in his lyrics, and George Sand in her prose, alone accomplish. Laménais writes a fine style—but it is too obviously style—it smells of the lamp. George Sand's is poetry, it runs as naturally into music as the spring bubbling underneath the grass. Its unconsciousness is half its charm.

George Sand is, in our opinion, the type of genius. Her faults are the extravagances or eccentricities of genius—her excellences are those of genius in its strength and beauty. She is full of faith, of enthusiasm, of noble aspirations. If her opinions be wrong, they are at least sincere.

We also recognise in her passionate reception of every great idea the characteristic of genius. Leroux himself must be astonished at the facility with which she comprehended his philosophy, and the ardour with which she preaches it. It is curious to trace how very soon an idea runs through every portion of her mind, impregnating it with fruitful seed.

Her mode of working is the exact opposite to that of De Balzac. Instead of giving you every minute detail, she presents you with a vivid *coup d'œil*. Her method is synthetical, not analytical. She works *ab intra*, as he works *ab extra*. In describing a scene, Balzac tells you the disposition of the various parts; Sand affects you with the same emotions you would have felt on beholding it. Her descriptions have the force of things upon the mind. The one gives the *inventory*, the other the *poetry* of a landscape.

George Sand's greatness springs from her originality. To be original, that is the only foundation of greatness. To copy the thoughts and feelings of others—to reproduce their experience instead of your own, what is that? An echo—loud, but bodiless, soulless, dying in its very birth. Yet is

not this the character of all present literature, with the rarest exceptions? Is it not an eternal echo leaping from rock to rock, and filling the valley with *sound*—the real thunder-being miles and miles afar? Does not the original writer realize the fable of Cadmus? Might not most "popular writers" exclaim, "That's my thunder," at each book that appears, forgetful that they themselves are but echoes?

But if modern literature be mostly imitation, what can we say of the modern literature of women—the echo of an already enfeebled echo! How many women "write out their hearts"? How many have original thoughts to write? Few, indeed, and those few never shake off the yoke of imitation. They aspire to write like men. They think and feel (in their books) as pupils of the Royal Academy learn to draw—with models picked up from the streets! What good can come of it?

We beg the reader not to misunderstand us. We have a great admiration for women; we read their productions with pleasure. But when the question comes—Are they great? are they original? we are forced to shake a dubious head. Sappho, De Stael, George Sand—these are three original women, of whom Sand is the greatest. Sappho felt, and De Stael thought; but Sand both thinks and feels—there have been other women great, but we select these three as types of originality in literature.

And now farewell, George Sand! Singular—thy singularities have alone mostly been seized on; great—thy greatness has been more felt than recognised. Woman—thy sex has been assumed as an argument against thee. Poet—thy mission has been ill understood. It has been ever so, it will be ever so! How can genius be recognised before time has hallowed it? How can the mass distinguish the eternal greatness of the star which holds its silent pathway in the heavens from the flickering farthing rushlight which assists them in their workshops? Must not a Shakspeare be judged by the same minds as a Fitzball? must not a Molière amuse no less than a Scribe? And can the mass of men distinguish between the amusement they receive from the one and the amusement combined with the most fruitful ideas and sentiments from the other? No genius was ever recognised by the many; George Sand may comfort herself with the appreciation of the few.—*Monthly Magazine*.

THE SIBERIAN EXILES.

THE following interesting details respecting the treatment of offenders against the criminal laws of Russia, who are sent to Siberia, are given by the *Gazette des Tri-*

bananz, on the authority of a correspondent at St. Petersburg :—Although the Government banishes to Siberia criminals condemned by the Tribunals, it provides for them in that part of the empire means of employment which are often preferable to what they could obtain in their native places. Each exile receives on setting out two shirts, a long sartout called a zipoun, and a pair of boots. These objects are for his use during the six summer months. For those of winter, he is provided in addition with two other shirts, a long cloth great-coat made of sheepskin, a cap of the same material, woollen gloves and stockings, a pair of common boots, and another pair lined with fur. All these objects are new, solid, and of good quality. Whenever a caravan with convicts passes through a principal town, these articles are examined in presence of the governor and his superior officers, and if any of them are in bad condition, it is immediately repaired or exchanged for others entirely new. A physician, specially appointed, examines into the health of each person in the caravan. If any of the prisoners are found to be too enfeebled to proceed on foot, they are placed in cars, or remain in the hospitals of the town. During the journey, each exile receives daily the small sum of money necessary for his food. Such exiles as are destined to the colonization of Siberia journey by night and rest during the day. They march by stations, placed at certain distances. The station-houses are solid buildings, surrounded by strong palisades, and are generally erected at the extremity of a village. Their distance from each other is about twenty-five verstres (about five French leagues); but that this journey may not be too great, particularly in winter, resting-places have been established half-way. The station-house is a clean and commodious building, almost comfortable, composed of four large rooms, and a fifth for women who may have followed their husbands, brothers, or near relations. These women are permitted to travel in the cars which accompany the caravan. Attached to each station-house are kitchens and storehouses; and at every 100 or 125 verstres, that is, every fourth or fifth station, is an establishment of steam-baths. When the exiles have arrived in Siberia, each receives an order to proceed to the colony for which he is intended. Near the high roads in the governments of Tobolsk, Yeniseysk, and Irkousk, some fine colonies of this nature may be seen, distant from each other about five or six verstres, which present a picturesque appearance. They are usually established in valleys, on the banks of rivers where fish is abundant, and in the midst of forests, which colonists find of great service. In elegance and solidity of

construction, regularity of plan, and cleanliness, these colonies may be compared to the finest villages of western Europe. Each house is inhabited by four exiles, or families of exiles, of whom some person, on account of his good conduct, is looked on as the master of the house, and has under his orders his companions. The houses are of wood, ornamented with a handsome façade, well enclosed, each containing four large chambers, a spacious court, two stables, and two storehouses. In the centre of each village is placed a large square, with buildings on all sides. Amongst them are the church, the public offices, and the habitations belonging to the overseers and employés. Storehouses are also erected, in which are placed agricultural instruments, stores of seeds and corn, as well as an apparatus for extinguishing fires. The whole colony is surrounded by an extremely high palisade, having but one outlet, at which is placed the sentry-box. Each exile receives on his arrival in the colony an axe, a plough, agricultural instruments, and household articles necessary for his use, a cow, a horse, and a sheep. He also gets for two years seed for sowing, and vegetables for his garden; and it is not until the third year that he begins to pay a small return to the public treasury. The instructions given to the heads of districts and governments enjoin them to encourage continually in every possible way the colonists, and give them assistance, and do all they can to bring them back to sentiments of propriety and good feeling. Banishment in the place where it is undergone ceases to be considered a disgrace, and he who is not deeply depraved can only see in it a step to social happiness. The ties of relationship, or even friendship, are religiously respected. The wife is not separated from her husband, the children from the father, nor the female from her betrothed. Everything is, in fact, encouraged which can inculcate social sentiments in the mind of the exile. But though this remarkable improvement on the penitentiary system is steadily pursued by the Russian government as regards criminals, no diminution of severity has yet been permitted towards political offenders. The rigour which has hitherto afflicted them is still continued.

Mode of Increasing Potato Crops.

M. Zeller, director of the Agricultural Society of Darmstadt, in 1839, planted two plots of ground of the same size with potatoes: when the plants had flowered, the blossoms were removed from those in one field, while those in the other field were left untouched. The former produced 476lbs., the latter only 37lbs.

The Gatherer.

The Beautiful.—There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration—there are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*Schlegel.*

The famous oriental philosopher Lockman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lockman replied, "I have received so many favours from you that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." This generous answer of the slave struck the master to such a degree, that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.—*Bishop Horne.*

Origin of the Halo over Saints' Heads.—The Pagan fashion of protecting the heads of deities—often, even in Temples, exposed to the outer air—from the insults of birds, each by a metal discus, had by degrees so associated with that head-piece an idea of dignity, that the Christians adopted the form in order to mark, even in painting, the character of saintship. Thence the nimbus, introduced over saints in the more ancient paintings and mosaics, so far from being intended to represent a mere aureole or glory of intangible rays emanating from the wearer himself, is only the representation of a solid platter of silver or gold, often adorned with scrolls, foliage, gems, &c., fitting the skull.—*Hope's Hist. of Archit.*

Whole villages, including the rich as well as the poor, are emigrating (says a letter from Mentz) from Germany to North America. Three of those in Upper Hesse have, within these few months, been entirely abandoned, and several in Rhenish Prussia are preparing to follow the example.

The daily papers announce, by advertisement, the establishment of a stage-coach communication between Cairo and Suez! But a few years since it was supposed that camels or dromedaries, from their power of enduring thirst, could alone traverse these arid plains and penetrate the solitude of deserts. Now we have hotels established at regular intervals, with relays of horses, and a coach running, which performs the journey regularly in about eighteen hours. The announcement at the close of the advertisement is amusing:—"Refreshment and provision supplied in the Desert at very moderate charge."

The Size of London.—The British metropolis covers an area of 18 miles square: it measures from east to west, $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles; from north to south, 9 miles; and, allowing for inequalities, in circumference, 30 miles.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather *how to think* than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie.*

Female Fortitude.—With the exception of naval and military men, there is no class of the community who witness more examples of fortitude and courage than the practitioners of surgery. What greater proof can be given of confidence and courage than that with which a person surrenders himself blindfold, and bound hand and foot, to the knife of the operator? Every day in the week, this great metropolis produces, in silence and secrecy, acts of heroism, of strength of mind, and firmness of purpose, that would do honour to the ancient Roman. I have witnessed many in both sexes; and although the first amputation I ever saw had nothing of the "sublime or beautiful" to recommend it, yet it affords an illustration of the observation, from low life, of how much the mind may be under control, even under great bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of the sudden loss of a limb.—"How do you find yourself, Mrs. Judy?" said a St. Bartholomew's surgeon, after taking off the arm of an Irish basket woman. "How do I find myself? why, without my arm—how the devil else should I find myself?" was Mrs. Judy's reply. In another operation, shortly afterwards, of much more importance, the force of female character was evinced in a different manner. A lady of some consequence, of the highest intellectual endowments, had occasion to submit to one of the most serious, painful, and protracted operations that the sex can be subject to. Her case was a source of great interest to all her friends, and of the most bitter anguish to her relatives. When the necessity of an operation became decided, she determined on the speedy and secret execution of it, and arrangements were made, on her own planning, by which her physician, three surgeons, and myself, then a surgical aide-de-camp, were introduced into the house, and the operation successfully performed, without the knowledge of any one of her own family, or the cognizance of a large establishment, excepting her own maid.—*London Medical Gazette.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.